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THE NOVEL AT THE BAR.

Mr. Richard Bagot, an English novelist of conscientious industry and creditable performance, has made the February "Nineteenth Century" the vehicle of certain reflections upon the present condition of literary criticism as it affects the writer of fiction. He finds that condition to be extremely unsatisfactory, and makes tentative suggestion of a corrective for its obvious shortcomings. Since the conditions he describes obtain quite as noticeably on this side of the water as on the other, his article should prove equally interesting to both American and English readers.

He calls attention, to begin with, to the contradictory character of the reviewing of current fiction. It is quite common for a novel to run the whole gamut of criticism from highest praise to severest censure, when in all probability the book is just an ordinary ephemeral production, deserving of neither extreme, but simply calling for a few words of classification and illustrative comment. Sometimes, as in a case cited from his own recent experience, the novelist has the malicious satisfaction of finding both kinds of estimates in different issues of the same journal. Thus, even if he pins his faith to some particular organ of literary opinion, his confidence is liable to be shaken by the rudest of shocks. And in any case, "the perplexed novelist is liable to read in one leading organ that he has written a work which places him in the front rank of living writers of fiction, and in another that he is ignorant of the very rudiments of the art of novel-writing." It is a hard problem. The novelist himself may lay to his soul the flattering unction of the laudatory judgment, although he will hardly do so without some misgivings, but the reader in search of light will not know what to think.

Another very evident defect in the reviewing of fiction is that the criticism so often comes from persons having no familiarity with the subject-matter of the work criticised. "A novel dealing, we will say, with foreign life is reviewed perhaps by a critic who has no knowledge of the people and the country in which the scene

of the book in question is laid. How, it may be asked, is such a critic to be a sound and reliable guide either to author or public?" How, indeed! And to what confusion worse confounded are we led when a novelist describes some phase of life with which he has himself no intimate acquaintance, and his work is then reviewed by a critic whose knowledge of the subject is even more superficial! The "society" novel offers the most obvious example of this condition of things. Some portrayal of smart life is described by the reviewers as a brilliant social satire or as a new "Vanity Fair," and the writers of such books "are supposed by the outside public to know intimately that society of which they write with such assurance." "But how many critics are there," asks Mr. Bagot, "who can boldly tell the distinguished author that he, or she, has made well-bred people say, do, and think things entirely foreign to their nature and caste traditions?"

That such defects as have above been indicated, and many others as glaring, characterize most current criticism of fiction, is a fact too apparent to need demonstration. And the reasons are equally apparent. To make a truly intelligent estimate of even a novel requires ability of a sort so rare and valuable as to be at the command of very few newspapers or other periodicals, it also demands an amount of space that cannot possibly be devoted to any single book of the class that numbers its thousands yearly. The problem set the average reviewer of the average novel is simply this: What is the most profitable employment I may make of the two hours and the two hundred words which are all I can give to this book? A personal impression, a bit of description or classification, an indication of some salient feature, and a word or two about the workmanship are all that may be attempted under the narrow conditions imposed. Reviewing done subject to those limitations will have weight in proportion to the ability and knowledge of the reviewer — and the brief paragraph may often be surprisingly weighty — but of course it will be anything but adequate to the claims of any book that really calls for serious consideration.

Mr. Bagot, taking his cue from French practices, from the positive fact of French official criticism and the negative fact that the French press does not, as a rule, attempt to review the whole output of current fiction, ventures a suggestion which, while it offers great difficulties on the practical side, is at least interesting and worthy of consideration. "What if the entire press," he asks, "should agree to ignore all works of fiction sent in for review which did not bring with them to the editorial offices a guarantee that they had duly passed an initial stage of examination, and had been declared worthy of the notice of the journalistic critic? And what if the circulating libraries declined to subscribe to any but works of fiction thus hallmarked? It might, I think, reasonably be supposed that some such purifying process as this would tend considerably to reduce the flood of undesirable matter; that it would diminish the work of the reviewer; and that the art of the novelist and the taste and literary discernment of the novel-reading public would gradually be raised." Having made this suggestion, Mr. Bagot proceeds to enlarge upon the benefits, to both authors and readers, that might follow in the train of its adoption. He develops the argument with caution, but with a very evident prepossession in favor of some such method as a means of stemming the flood of worthless fiction and of giving the novelist himself a kind of counsel of which he often stands in dire need.

We can imagine the outcry of the amateur novelist, and of the professional sensation-monger, at any such suggestion of a "trust" in literary criticism. And the question of *quis custodiet custodes* could be very effectively raised by such a proposal. Originality, and even genius, might possibly for a time be suppressed by the operation of such a plan, but we cannot believe that in the long run it would not work more good than harm. The difficulty, of course, would lie in the constitution of the tribunal organized for this judicial sifting of the tares from the wheat. To accept the responsibilities of a Rhadamanthus in this matter would be to accept a thankless task, and one certain to entail much discomfort upon the incumbent. The rage of the rejected would be anything but celestial, and would be declared in a manner both personal and pointed. Mr. Bagot appreciates the difficulty of the problem, and it is with no little diffidence that he proposes his press-constituted academy. But the experiment is not beyond the range of possibility, and the library profession is already looking for some way of trying it. Certainly the long-suffering public, now misled by so many blind guides, deserves to have its interests protected by the critical guild more effectively than they are at present protected, and no suggestion aiming at so praiseworthy an end should fail of being examined with due deliberation.

COMMUNICATION.

LATE DISCUSSIONS OF THE WAR OF 1812.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In reading the review of Captain Mahan's "Sea Power and the War of 1812," in a recent number of THE DIAL, I notice what seems to me the omission of an important fact, and one that is none too prominently brought out in the book itself. There is, however, some discussion of it in the book, and it seems to me that it should have had a place in the review. It is the fact of the chief cause that led Great Britain to make such favorable terms with us in ending the war.

That our land forces, in spite of the almost marvellous incapacity of the commanding generals and the blundering and short-sightedness of the Washington government (and of Jefferson previously), finally did some fairly good work, is true; and certainly our navy, considering how it was neglected at the start, was splendidly efficient. But when all of this is considered there is still not enough to account for the result — for the readiness with which Great Britain made peace. It will of course be borne in mind that her great defeat at New Orleans — the defeat that ruined her most promising plan — was not known when she so readily entered into the arrangements for peace. Then what was the cause? It was not the problem of Napoleon,— he was defeated; and though England's expenses for the recent wars were heavy, her opportunity was good for getting a large part of it back from us. Russia, our friend, was certainly not in shape to go to war with the first sea power in the world to help us. There was just as certainly no other power to attempt it, even had there been another as friendly.

But if Great Britain could hope to recoup herself from our lands and goods, was she in military shape to go on? She was at the height of her military power. Wellington's veterans were out of the Peninsula, other forces had been organized, and there was sufficient money in the war-chest for immediate purposes. And on the sea Great Britain stood as she had never stood before, and probably never will stand again. She numbered her war-craft by the hundreds, and after the French shadow had been lifted she had more than two hundred vessels to send to our coasts. We had four large frigates, and not a ship larger, and had mustered just seventeen fighting vessels at the beginning of the war. Before the negotiations at Ghent the larger number of our stronger vessels were taken or blockaded in port. Of our four large frigates, the "Constitution" alone kept the seas. True, as Captain Mahan points out, and your reviewer does not, before our little navy was so nearly crushed it had struck heavy financial blows at the enemy. This, indeed, with the possible exception of the victory on Lake Champlain, was its most formidable and telling work. It was the work that Great Britain most seriously felt. Her vulnerable point was not her body, but her pocket. Porter, in the little "Essex," before he was captured, did more to harm the enemy and to help our cause than all our brilliant single-ship actions put together. He practically destroyed the British whaling interests in the Pacific.

And now we are prepared to answer the question:— What led Great Britain to consent to peace-terms so favorable to us? The answer is: it was the work of our privateers. Even Captain Mahan, who naturally has a relatively high regard for the regular service, and is not inclined to place a great value upon an irregular one, in part admits this. He says: "From September 30, 1813, . . . to the corresponding date in 1814, there were captured by American cruisers 639 vessels, chiefly merchantmen; a number that had increased to over a thousand when the war ended the following winter." He further goes on to estimate that fully 424 of these prizes were taken in foreign seas. He says, however, that we had lost more vessels relatively by capture than the enemy; but he then goes on to say: "Her cruisers [i. e., the U. S. cruisers] were causing exaggerated anxiety concerning the intercourse between Great Britain and Ireland, which, though certainly molested, was not seriously interrupted." It will be observed that he does not minimize the effect that even an exaggerated fear might have in influencing the course of the enemy so alarmed. By the word "cruisers" is of course to be understood chiefly privateers. The small number of vessels in our regular navy has already been spoken of.

But it has been said that all sorts of food-stuffs went up greatly in price in this country after the additional British war-ships came over, so that we were in fully as great straits as English subjects in this regard, and that therefore Great Britain had still an advantage. We only need to look at this statement for a moment to see where the truth lies. We had a great and prolific territory from which to obtain all necessary foods; England had to import a great deal of what she used, and the wages and other incomes of those who must purchase were very low. At that time the whole of England, if divided equally amongst the people, would have given but a very few acres to each person — probably not more than five or six; yet several great noblemen owned as many as ten to twenty thousand acres each, and a considerable part of this was not under cultivation. In this country we had hardly settled or cultivated beyond our mere borders, and there was land by the million acres to be had almost for nothing.

But let us glance for a moment at some actual figures of prices in England about this time. I quote from "The American Merchant Marine," though the figures have been published elsewhere. The work mentioned says: "In June 1813 the British people were paying the famine prices of $58 a barrel for flour, $38 for beef, and $36 for pork, while lumber cost $72 per thousand. It was this economic distress, more than our brilliant victories in a dozen naval duels, that brought Great Britain at last to terms." Here we have the story.

Then shall we not still feel pride in our work in the War of 1812? We fought for our rights, we fought hard, and we won in the only way that we could have won. And be it remembered that these privateers whose work was so effective were not semi-pirates, like some that had been sent to sea by other countries: they sailed under regular letters of marque; they were expected to observe all the rules of civilized warfare, and did observe them; and, finally, they often met and overcame vessels supposedly larger and stronger than themselves, including some regular naval vessels.

There is somewhat of a tendency (perhaps the result in part of reaction) to belittle our work in the War of 1812. It is aided, doubtless, by some books now in use in our schools and colleges that give wholly the British side of the contest; the writer is prepared to quote chapter and verse in support of this statement. Let us not allow the pendulum to swing too far the other way; let us try to keep within the limits of truth.

F. H. COSTELLO.

Bangor, Maine, February 21, 1906.

The New Books.

The Real and the Ideal Whitman.*

It is fourteen years since Walt Whitman died, and no full and formal biography of him has yet appeared, unless we regard as such Mr. Henry Bryan Binns's recently-issued work, which modestly disclaims all pretensions to being either a definitive biography or a critical study. The author, an Englishman, rightly looks to America to produce the final and complete life of this eminently American poet. Mr. Horace Traubel's memoirs of Whitman, "With Walt Whitman in Camden," extend over a period of less than four months, and obviously make no claim to anything like biographical completeness. They give us, in a good-sized octavo volume, rough notes of talks with Whitman, as thrown on paper from day to day, together with many letters of the period, or of an earlier time, addressed to Whitman. The whole book, unstudied and unpolished, conveys a realistic impression of the poet and the man, such as only a devoted Boswell is able to give.

Mr. Traubel is well styled by Mr. Binns "the old poet's spiritual son." Knowing and loving Whitman longer than he could distinctly remember, it was he who held Whitman's hand in his own when the old man drew his last breath in the little house in Mickle Street, Camden. He was named in the poet's will as one of his literary executors; he was active in organizing the Walt Whitman Fellowship, of which he is secretary; and it is probably his pen and voice, more than any other man's, that have kept Whitman's memory green during the last fourteen years. Coming from such a source, and written almost in the poet's very presence, Mr. Traubel's book appeals vividly to lovers of Whitman, and even the indifferent or scornful will find matter of quaint and curious interest in its pages.

A book like Mr. Traubel's is not of the kind that lends itself readily to criticism. It is very part of the poet himself, and to criticise it would be to criticise Whitman, which is not the reviewer's purpose. A few illustrative passages will be given in all their unstudied informality, and then the reader will be left to seek a more intimate acquaintance with the book, or not, as he may feel inclined. Much of the talk and many of the letters revert, almost of necessity, to the old theme of the Whitmanism of Whitman, and, in particular, to the "priapism," as Emerson once rather harshly called it, of certain passages in his poems. To the familiar defense, and the only defense,— the alleged harmlessness of all things to those who are themselves innocent,— most of us must sorrowfully shake our heads and acknowledge our inability to make adequate reply. In halting and contrite accents we can only confess that such a state of blamelessness is more than we can attain unto; or, rather, it is a paradisaic condition from which we have long ago fallen. Sin, no more than disease, will be vanquished by denying its existence. Not that Whitman makes any such denial in words; it is his whole attitude that impresses one as a sort of bold-faced refusal to see aught but glad sunshine and smiling fields where others take anxious note of threatening thunder-clouds on the distant horizon and detect treacherous quagmires beneath the fair appearance of flowery verdure. The very first page of Mr. Traubel's book shows us Whitman's determination to find in nature only what he sets out to find.

> "W. handed me a leaf from The Christian Union containing an article by Munger on Personal Purity, in which this is said: 'Do not suffer yourself to be caught by the Walt Whitman fallacy that all nature and all processes of nature are sacred and may therefore be talked about. Walt Whitman is not a true poet in this respect, or he would have scanned nature more accurately. Nature is silent and shy where he is loud and bold.' 'Now,' W. quietly remarked, 'Munger is all right, but he is also all wrong. If Munger had written Leaves of Grass that's what nature would have written through Munger. But nature was writing through Walt Whitman. And that is where nature got herself into trouble.' And after a quiet little laugh he pushed his forefinger among some papers on the table and pulled out a black-ribbed envelope which he reached to me. . . ."

Much of the conversation reported is trivial to all but ardent Whitmanites. Others are at liberty to skip, and will do so — whole pages at a time. It is not of great importance to most of us to be told that Whitman said, "Repeat that, Horace," or "Go over that again, Horace," or "I don't quite catch on," or "How 's that?" Needlessly faithful is the reporter in reproducing Whitman's little profanities and vulgarities; after a few samples the reader might well take the rest for granted. Putting all this down in cold clear type has the effect of showing us Whitman in a false perspective. The printed page seems in some way to emphasize unduly what in the rapid give and take of informal talk falls more or less involuntarily and parentheti-

* With Walt Whitman in Camden (March 28, — July 14, 1888). By Horace Traubel. Illustrated. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.
A Life of Walt Whitman. By Henry Bryan Binns. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

cally from the lips. Yet for those to whom "the real Walt Whitman" cannot be too real, this excess of unattractive detail may be no excess at all.

A Whitman pronouncement on Matthew Arnold ought to be rather rich reading; for two poets more unlike each other could hardly be imagined. Here is a part of a conversation between master and disciple soon after Arnold's death:

"Whitman adds as to Arnold: 'He will not be missed. There is no gap, as with the going of men like Carlyle, Emerson, Tennyson. My Arnold piece did not appear in Tuesday's Herald. I wonder if the editor was a little in doubt about it? It appeared to-day, however. The Herald has a higher opinion of Arnold than I have. I discussed Arnold in effect — throughout in such words — as one of the dudes of literature. Does not Leaves of Grass provide a place even for Arnold? Certainly, certainly: Leaves of Grass has room for everybody: if it did not make room for all it would not make room for one.'"

Readers will note in the foregoing — for example, "throughout" for "though not"—Mr. Traubel's self-acknowledged carelessness as an editor; but we gladly fall in with his humor and pass the matter by as of small importance. A lack of sympathy equal to that between Whitman and Arnold might have been looked for between Whitman and John Addington Symonds. Yet the latter was an early and ardent admirer of the American poet. The subjoined passages are from a letter written by Symonds in 1872 in reply to one from Whitman.

"Your letter gave me the keenest pleasure I have felt for a long time. I had not exactly expected to hear from you. Yet I felt that if you liked my poem you would write. So I was beginning to dread that I had struck some quite wrong chord — that perhaps I had seemed to you to have arrogantly confounded your own fine thought and pure feeling with the baser metal of my own nature. What you say has reassured me and has solaced me nearly as much as if I had seen the face and touched the hand of you — my Master! . . . I have pored for continuous hours over the pages of Calamus (as I used to pore over the pages of Plato), longing to hear you speak, burning for a revelation of your more developed meaning, panting to ask — is this what you would indicate? — are then the free men of your land really so pure and loving and noble and generous and sincere? Most of all did I desire to hear from your own lips — or from your pen — some story of athletic friendship from which to learn the truth. Yet I dared not address you or dreamed that the thought of a student could abide the inevitable shafts of your searching intuition. Shall I ever be permitted to question you and learn from you?"

Finally, a few lines showing the warmth of affection existing between "Walt" and "Horace" may serve to close this review of Mr. Traubel's volume.

"W. was very affectionate in his manner to-night. 'Come here, Horace,' he said. I went over. He took my hand. 'I feel somehow as if you had consecrated yourself to me. That entails something on my part: I feel somehow as if I was consecrated to you. Well — we will work out the rest of my life-job together: it won't be for long: anyway, we'll work it out together, for short or long, eh?' He took my face between his hands and drew me to him and kissed me. Nothing more was then said. I went back to my chair and we sat in silence for some time."

Of Mr. Binns's more formal treatment of the same theme much might be said, and most of it commendatory. A little too obvious, perhaps, is the author's effort to establish friendly relations with his American readers and to give himself an air of familiarity with American history and American ways. The very dedication of his book, "To my mother, and to her mother, the Republic," is an advance bid for our goodwill. All the carefully-studied accompaniment of political and historical matter that runs through the book is somewhat suggestive of cram, and is not at all necessary to the completeness of the biography. It irks the reader to have the Wilmot Proviso thrust on his notice, or the split in the Democratic party narrated as a contributing cause of Lincoln's election. Whitman's anti-slavery attitude and his warm patriotism can be understood without these excursions into American history. The pride of recently-acquired learning — or, we might say, the uneasiness of ill-digested erudition — seems to betray itself in this parade of irrelevant matter.

Mr. Binns ascribes much of Whitman's best development, and his attainment to the "power of self-abandonment," to the influence of that unknown Southern woman with whom the poet had intimate relations for a few months in his early manhood. The whole affair is, and probably always will be, shrouded in mystery; but the ascription of any such benign and fructifying influence to an illicit connection of this sort is what one might have expected rather from a writer on the other side of the Channel than from an Englishman. The experience, whatever its exact nature, the author thinks to have been instrumental in breaking down some barrier. "Strong before in his self-control," writes Mr. Binns, "he is stronger still now that he has won the power of self-abandonment. Unconsciously he had always been holding himself back; at last he has let himself go. And to let oneself go is to discover oneself. Some men can never face that discovery; they are not ready for

emancipation. Whitman was." All this invites discussion, psychological and ethical. In some sort it brings up once more the old conflict between Hellenism and Hebraism, or, as Mr. Hugh Black styles it, between culture and restraint. The danger seems to lie in our failing to distinguish between the masterful facility that comes of perfect self-control and the counterfeit ease that is the cheap and tinsel product of unrestraint.

The author loves Whitman whole-heartedly, and the picture he presents is sympathetically drawn. Both in biographical detail and in critical comment the book is an excellent piece of work, perhaps the fullest and best study of the poet's life and writings that has yet appeared. It is written in a pleasing and scholarly style, and every page bears marks of painstaking research. Two passages only can find space here for quotation. The first shall be an amusing and characteristic anecdote, which is probably new to most readers.

"It is related that once in a Brooklyn church he failed to remove his soft broad-brimmed hat, and entered the building with his head thus covered, looking for all the world like some Quaker of the olden time. The offending article was roughly knocked off by the verger. Walt picked it up, twisted it into a sort of scourge, seized the astonished official by the collar — he always detested officials — trounced him with it, clapped it on his head again, and so, abruptly and coolly, left the church."

This may recall a line from the "Leaves," — "I have hated tyrants, argued not concerning God, had patience and indulgence toward the people, taken off my hat to nothing known or unknown." The second selection is of a critical, interpretative sort, comparing Whitman as a prophet (by no means as a man of letters) with Carlyle.

"With Whitman, Carlyle recognised the underlying moral purpose of the universe, and the organic unity or solidarity of mankind; but being himself a Calvinistic Jacobin of irritable nerves, these convictions filled him, not with a joyful wonder and faith, but with contempt and despair. He never saw humanity as the body of a Divine and Godlike soul; and though he was continually calling men to duty and repentance, he did so from inward necessity rather than with any anticipation of success. For he felt himself to be a Voice crying in the wilderness. Whitman worshipped the hero as truly as did Carlyle; but then he saw the heroic in the heart of our common humanity, where Carlyle missed it; hence his appeal was one of confidence, not despair."

The two books, the American's and the Englishman's, may well be read together, the former filling in with minute and realistic detail the more largely-sketched and more highly-idealized portrait presented by the latter.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

MAIN CURRENTS IN SOCIOLOGICAL THEORY.*

To get the force of Professor Small's book on "General Sociology" it is necessary to consider that originally it was an outline or syllabus of a course of lectures delivered to the graduate students of the University of Chicago. Such a course of study, with modern University methods, usually leaves a large room for supplementary work. Hence, while we are not willing to admit the frank acknowledgment of the author that "in form it is rough, fragmentary, and unsystematic," the book is somewhat unproportional from the standpoint of a scientific treatise. However, as the author admits, it is not a treatise, but a critical analysis of the development and present status of sociology. It is a conspectus of sociology or a comparative study of sociological thought. Its purpose is to show what sociology is and what it is not, and while it does not build a scientific system of sociology it indicates broad lines of construction or synthesis of the same. The book is critical rather than constructive. While the author does not attempt to construct a system of sociology, he indirectly points out the way for others and indicates upon what foundation they must build. In reference to the various phases of development of sociology by different individuals, Professor Small has shown that the differences of sociologists are more apparent than real on account of the various points of view and various methods of attack, and that they are all working on the same sociology with converging lines of thought. Through the great mass of contributions to the science, pseudo and real, he finds a constant line of development from the earliest authors to the present time. With this object in view he has brought out the knowledge necessary for the foundation of sociology in the various attempts that have been made to construct a science. It is a masterly array of material and forces and, in most parts, an arraignment of these before the critic's bar of justice. "Our thesis," says the author, "is that the central line in the path of methodological progress, from Spencer to Ratzenhofer, is marked by gradual shiftings of effort from analogical representation of social structures to real analysis of social processes." In other words, the stress is now being laid on function where formerly it was laid upon structure.

In the first chapter, on "The Subject Matter

*GENERAL SOCIOLOGY. An Exposition of the Main Development of Sociological Theory from Spencer to Ratzenhofer. By Albion W. Small. University of Chicago Press.

of Sociology," the author asserts that it is a process of human association, and then he proceeds to show that sociology attempts to interpret the whole process of human association. He asserts that facts of human association are not sufficient data for a science, but that "the whence, the how, the why, and the whither, of processes are essential to sociology." The relations, meaning, and valuations of facts other than the facts themselves represent the subject matter of sociology as well as of other sciences. It is the passing of knowledge over into power that makes a real science. It is the advancement of the knowledge of what occurred to a knowledge of the meaning of what occurred. In addition to the establishment of the science of processes, the sociologist should formulate a programme for the promotion of more and more rational social processes.

In the following chapter, under the title of "Definition of Sociology," Professor Small gives the ordinary definitions, each of which bases the science on the association of men. He says that sociology is a unified view of human life and a body of guiding principles for the conduct of life. He shows through analysis how this appears, and adds that "sociology is an attempt so to visualize and so to interpret the whole of human experience that will reveal the last discoverable grounds upon which to base conclusions about the rational conduct of life," and finally closes the chapter with the more accurate and inclusive definition: "Sociology is the science of the social process." Here again he emphasizes the study of the activities of sociology. Of all the phases of society function is the real essence of sociology.

In Chapter III. Professor Small presents the "Impulse of Sociology," in which he points out briefly its reasons to be one of the sciences. It is an attempt to show that the driving power of society arises in a philanthropic effort to make the world better, and that sociology is the scientific regulating power. This is followed in subsequent chapters by an historical survey of sociology. This survey, as the auther points out, is necessarily meagre. However, sufficient is given for the support of his main thesis.

Over one-half of the main body of the book is taken up with a remarkable comparative analysis of Spencer, Schaeffle, and Ratzenhofer. It would be impossible for the reviewer to follow this extended and masterly analysis. The object is to show that Spencer considered society as composed of differently arranged parts in which he emphasized structure; that Schaeffle, while accepting this, goes a step further and represents society composed of parts working together to achieve results, that he emphasized function or action of society; and Ratzenhofer considers society as a process of adjustment by conflict and subsequently by coöperation between associated individuals. Professor Small is very keen in analysis, and while his analytical researches in the past have been of great service to students of the science, the value of the comparative study of these three great founders of sociology cannot be overestimated as a service to students. It is a demonstration of the main line of evolution of sociology.

While the incompleteness of Spencer's method is made apparent, as a foundation of sociology his system is as essential as the foundation of a building to its superstructure. Where form and structure are made the essential framework of the system Spencer implies that they are brought about by social activities. However, Spencer represents the first step in the analysis of human association. Schaeffle, by emphasizing function and seeking the ultimate causes of structure, has taken the second step. But Professor Small points out the limitations of each by saying that Spencer "tended to seek the meaning of social structure in structure; so Schaeffle's limits are indicated by his tendency to see the meaning of social function in function rather than in casual and consequent conditions in the persons functioning." That is, structure and function are ends in themselves, which is contrary to Professor Small's interpretation of sociology. Following the analysis of these two authors, he asks these four questions: "First, what are the essentials of human association? Second, how do these essentials change their manifestations from time to time? Third, by virtue of what influences do these variations occur? Fourth, what social aims are reasonable in view of these conclusions from experience?" And he uses the analysis of Ratzenhofer to show how these questions may be answered. The analysis of social processes after Ratzenhofer is the most exact of any system yet presented. It includes the essential features of Ratzenhofer's "Sociologische Erkenntnis" and also his "Wesen und Zweck der Politik." Ratzenhofer clearly represents the three steps in the development of sociology, and points out how structure occurs through function. He shows the causes of social activity, and in this demonstrates clearly the needs of social analysis.

The remainder of the work, while still reviewing the opinions of other sociologists, is more of

a constructive nature than the first part. A discussion of the psychical, ethical, and technical makes up the outline of the remainder of the book. The most noticeable feature of this part of sociology, which is more nearly Professor Small's view of the science, represents its realistic nature. Society is a real thing made up of the elements of everyday practice, and in its study we should follow human interests and human society wherever they lead. First must be considered the interests of the individual and his relation to the complete society. This should be followed by the relations of groups to one another and general social structure and function.

As a book on general sociology this is a valuable contribution to the literature on the subject. While the interpretation of human experience is sufficiently emphasized, sufficient stress is not laid upon the evolution of human society as a means of arriving at a correct estimate of the present structure and activities. The processes through which society is made are alternate differentiation and integration. While it is true that Professor Small says we cannot explain society as it is by comparing it with a society of savages, the course of evolution through differentiation and integration gives a basis of understanding which cannot be obtained in any better way. The scientist orients his subject by removing complex or interfering forces. His point of departure must be a simple element or condition. Social evolution gives the student this point of departure.

Perhaps some fault might be found with the book on account of the voluminous nature of the discussion and the unevenness of its make-up. But the vigor of the author and his familiarity with the content and method of sociological writings, his numerous illustrations, as well as his masterly analysis, make up for any lack of condensation of material. It is not a book for beginners but for students of maturity of mind and acquired sociological knowledge. To such it will prove of great value, and in general is an impetus to the development of the science of sociology. It helps the student to realize the great advancement sociology has made in recent years, and what a stupenduous task is before scholars before it is reduced to scientific proportions. As Professor Small has pointed out what sociology *is*, and what it *is not*, and indicated what it *should be*, we trust he will go on in his studies and write a treatise on the subject.

FRANK W. BLACKMAR.

SHAKESPEAREAN TABLE-TALK.*

Perhaps it is wrong to call this ripe comment on Shakespeare by the name of Table-Talk. There is certainly nothing desultory, idle, rambling about it. Bnt other names do not suggest the quality of it. If we say "lectures" we think of some celebrity addressing a cultivated audience gathered for a little titillation of literary recollection, or perhaps some learned professor giving the results of private studies while students toiled behind with note-books. If we say "studies" we think of commentaries and dissertations, sources and texts. If we say "essays" we may mean anything from the most eccentric fancies about Shakespeare to an exhibition of universal scholarship. Here is nothing of all this. In this book we have a man who has read Shakespeare long and deeply and who now talks to us of typical plays. It is not talk at the dinner-table, precisely, for he has his book in hand, and at times will read half a page or a couple of lines. What name can we give it? In its intention it is something like a great actor's presentation of his conception of Shakespeare's creations.

As may have been already suggested, this book is more or less like Hazlitt's "Characters of Shakespere's Plays"; more, at least, than most of the recent well-known books of criticism. Mr. Dowden studied the growth of Shakespeare's conceptions and their realization in dramatic form. Mr. Moulton studied the special dramatic art of some lyrical plays. Mr. Barrett Wendell was taken up with the artistic temperament of Shakespeare, and sought to make us see that in all his work. Mr. Mabie gave a general account of the man against a background of Elizabethan life. Mr. Brandes gathered together the scholarship of the time and formed his own theories and conclusions. Mr. Sidney Lee got at everything that would give substantiation to any fact in Shakespeare's life. Mr. Stopford Brooke does none of these things, save here and there. He runs through each play, giving some general comment, interpreting each character, following out the dramatic development, presenting the prevailing ideas. He gives us not a study of the plays or a study of Shakespeare based upon the plays, but a picture of his own mind as he reviews the plays. That is what Hazlitt did, though in making the comparison, it is scant justice to Mr. Stopford Brooke to say that he seems to have thought over his subject with a

*ON TEN PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE. By Stopford Brooke. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

view to this particular book, much more carefully than Hazlitt could ever have thought over his lectures.

The thing about Hazlitt that most impressed that devoted lover of Shakespeare, John Keats, was his "depth of taste." Keats probably meant by that expression that exactly the right thing impressed Hazlitt about each character or play of Shakespeare. That does not impress me so much in Hazlitt's book as the fact that whatever did impress him, impressed him so strongly. The book is almost as interesting in the view it gives of Hazlitt as in its view of Shakespeare. Read for instance the beginning of the essay on "Hamlet": what a remarkable production to be set down almost *extempore*. Hazlitt's power of thought in his power of expression was so remarkable that one of the chief interests in his criticism is that it gives one such an idea of what art may be to an individual. That is, in fact, Hazlitt's strong point as a critic: not his taste, as Keats thought, or his power as a "speculator" as Blackwood said, although both of those things are apparent in his book on Shakespeare. He is himself so wonderfully impressed by literature, in this case by Shakespeare, that one gets up from a reading of his work with almost a new conception of literature as an element in life.

Such is not Mr. Stopford Brooke's especial power. I am much more impressed by his "depth of taste" than by Hazlitt's. Like Hazlitt he commonly speaks of the events of the plays, of the characters, as though they were events or characters in real life. He analyzes motives, explains utterance, calls attention to beauties of speech or thought.* But where his mind leaves the plays, it reverts to Shakespeare and his purposes. Hazlitt's mind reverted to himself as to the reader in general: Mr. Stopford Brooke thinks of the writer. I shall admit, in passing, a greater interest in Hazlitt's method. We naturally talk of a play or a book as though it were a piece of real life; there is often much to explain or describe. But where the critic goes beyond that, I like better to have him give us an idea of the effect of it all upon himself, than to have him tell us of the art of the dramatist. Literature is really of importance to us only as it affects us: otherwise it is history or science. These things are each excellent, but they are not rightly followed by literary methods. If a man will show us what a vital factor Shakespeare is or has been in his thinking and being, he will be talking of something of which he knows. If he tell us of how Shakespeare created these plays and characters that may be so vital a force to us, he may be talking of something he knows, but it is more likely that it is something he only guesses about. And whether he know or guess, the matter is of historic or scientific importance, not of poetic. But it is to be said that the main point of Mr. Stopford Brooke's book is not here. He is content, as a rule, to interpret the play, the character, the passage in hand, and it is only here and there that he goes back to the author.

As to the kind of comment, we have generally to begin with, a few words about the play. "Midsummer Night's Dream" represents the temper of Shakespeare's soul in earlier years; "The Merchant of Venice" is made up out of such and such materials in earlier literature. Then generally comes an interpretation of the action, then comment on the character. Or sometimes instead of these last being carefully taken up, we have a discussion of two or three topics of chief interest, as with "Coriolanus" where the author deals with "(1) Shakespeare's treatment of the political question in Rome; (2) the character and fate of Coriolanus; (3) Coriolanus and his mother." What is said on these matters is generally, in its intention, perfectly simple. It may be well to quote a passage.

> "Opposed to him in character, but his friend, is Mercutio; wit's scintilating star, thrilling with life to his finger-tips, not caring for women save as the toys of an hour, ready to tackle, on the instant, any woman, young or old; brave, audacious, going swiftly to his point, keeping no thought within him but flinging it at once into his speech; 'he will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month'; quick in choler, ready to attempt the moon and pull the sun down, loose of speech, mocking old and young out of the racing of his blood — the gay ruffles of Italy, such as Shakespere often met in London, such as many of the Italian novels enclose and paint."*

Some impatient scholars may possibly put this aside, with an inquiry for something new in the book, something beside a re-statement of the material of the play. A number of little matters, more or less new, may be noted, as for instance: that Shakespeare had a feeling of true sympathy for the common people (pp. 7, 223); that in "Romeo and Juliet" he was thinking of "the long suffering justice who punishes quarrels which injure the state" (p. 35, cf.

*There is, of course, a danger here. Consider the pages written (though not in this book) on Hamlet's madness. There is really no such question: the only possible question is, Did Shakespeare conceive of him as mad? which is a very different thing, and to be decided on grounds very different from those often alleged.

*It should be added that this is only the gist of several paragraphs on Mercutio.

pp. 64–68); that Mercutio was not too brilliant for Shakespeare to keep alive (p. 44); that Shylock was a hot-blooded, passionate, resolute, dignified man of sixty (p. 152); that Jacques is not a cynic, or even bitter (p. 172); that Prospero is the last of the great mediæval enchanters (p. 286); and naturally many more such views.

But it is not to be said that the value of the book depends upon its new discoveries or its new views, or on the new standpoint or the new spirit in which the critic regards the plays. In just this fact itself lies its great value. Here is a critic who turns on no new light, who offers no new theory, who proclaims no discovery, who presents no new conception. What, then, does he add to Shakespearean scholarship or Shakespearean criticism. Perhaps Mr. Stopford Brooke would be satisfied if he were generally esteemed to have added nothing at all. For it is clear that what he wants is not to make more criticism or more scholarship, but to make his readers see that there is more in Shakespeare than they supposed. He puts aside critical apparatus and scholarly theory, and is content simply with the plays. Perhaps he wrote this book not in a great library, not even in a well-provided study, but — it may be — out-doors with nothing but the plays and pencil and paper. He certainly might have done so.

The professional critic or Shakespearean scholar is a little at sea with such treatment. He has not much to say: there is not much to discuss or raise a dust about. Of course you can disagree anywhere. I open at random and pretty soon read "Orlando and Rosalind! could anyone desire to have more charming, more sunshiny companions than these two enchanting persons? To live with them is to live with moral beauty, but it is not a beauty which the pharisaic moralist will like at all." I suppose I may be something of a pharisaic moralist myself, for I never had any such feeling about Rosalind and Orlando as Mr. Stopford Brooke has; so I might dissent from that dictum as from many others in the book.

But agreement or disagreement in particulars is not the point. To make us see more in Shakespeare, that is the writer's desire. A bold undertaking, one will say, after a century of devoted Shakespearean study, scholarship, criticism, appreciation. But in all that century there have been few books so single-minded as this.

EDWARD E. HALE, JR.

ALABAMA IN WAR-TIME AND AFTER.*

For a long time the South was largely a neglected field to the historical student. Recent years, however, have seen a marked development of interest in the study of the history of this part of the country, as is evidenced by the increased activity of historical societies and the establishment of state departments for the preservation and publication of historical records in several southern states. In several northern universities distinct courses in southern history are now being given, and in other respects it is beginning to receive the attention which has long been bestowed upon the history of the northern states. Recently a number of excellent monographs on particular periods of southern history have appeared; and it is probably no exaggeration to say that the history of no other state has been so well written up as has the early period of South Carolina.

In "Civil War and Reconstruction in Alabama," a volume of over 800 pages, by Professor Walter L. Fleming, we have the most comprehensive and valuable work of the kind that has yet been written. It shows evidence of intimate knowledge based on wide research, is fair and judicial yet sympathetic in tone, and is altogether a most interesting picture of life in a southern state during and immediately following the Civil War. As a proper background for the study of the Civil War and Reconstruction period, the author has described the society and institutions that were destroyed by the war. The population of the state, its industries, the development of secession sentiment, the disruption of the religious denominations, the emancipation sentiment in northern Alabama, are some of the topics discussed. Then follows the story of secession, the preparation for the coming struggle, military operations on Alabama soil, the problems of conscription and exemption, and the peace movement. In northern Alabama, a region unconnected with the rest of the state by railroads and geographically a part of Tennessee, the people were largely opposed to the war; and this locality became a nest of "tories," deserters, and "mossbacks" from all over the South, and they caused the State and Confederate authorities no little trouble. Besides their opposition to the war, they committed outrages on both Confederate and Union sympathizers and terrorized the country gener-

*CIVIL WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION IN ALABAMA. By Walter L. Fleming, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co.

ally. For a time there was talk among them of seceding from Alabama, and, together with the counties of East Tennessee, forming a new state with the name of Nick-a-Jack.

Particularly instructive and fascinating is Professor Fleming's account of social and economic conditions during the war: new industries created by the necessities of the war, blockade running and trading through the lines, the conduct of the slaves, educational activity, the struggles of the newspapers to keep going, life on the farm, the hardships and destitution of the families left behind, etc. The condition of the state at the close of the war, with its deserted and neglected farms, paralysis of business, wrecked railroads, poverty-stricken people, lawlessness and disorder, with demoralized negroes roaming about the country testing their new freedom and refusing to work, — these make a picture which no one can now study without profound sympathy. The reorganization of the state in accordance with the Johnson plan of Reconstruction, the overthrow of this plan by Congress, the military régime, and the activity of the Freedmen's Bureau, are described with detail. The author's judgment with regard to the Freedmen's Bureau is that it did little good and in many cases did much harm. The subordinate agents in Alabama, he says, were mostly broken-down men who had failed at other undertakings, preachers with strong prejudices, and the "dregs of a mustered-out army." The institution in Alabama, he declares, was entirely unnecessary. Cotton was worth fifty cents a pound, and the extraordinary demand for labor guaranteed good treatment for the laborers. Whatever suffering the blacks endured was mainly due to their congregation in the towns and to their own shiftlessness. Through a generous distribution of government rations they soon came to entertain the belief that it was the duty of "Uncle Sam" to support them whether they worked or not. Finally, unscrupulous and designing officials took advantage of their position to make a political machine of the Bureau, and instances were not lacking where they defrauded the credulous blacks by selling them painted sticks which, they were told, entitled them to forty acres of land of their own selection.

An interesting feature of Mr. Fleming's work is an elaborate account of the various orders and leagues which played an important part in the life of the state during the Reconstruction period. The most notable of these were the Union League, organized among the negroes by northern white men, and which became a potent political machine, and the Ku Klux Klan, organized among the southern whites for maintaining order, but which eventually degenerated into an organization of persecution and murder. Interesting and unique is the author's description of the effects of the Reconstruction policy upon the educational and religious life of the people. The State University was "radicalized" and practically broken up, and in many cases negro churches were disrupted by differences of political opinion among the members.

Alabama was more fortunate than some of her southern sisters,— notably Mississippi, Louisiana, and South Carolina,— in escaping from the worst evils of negro and "Carpet-bag" rule; but even as it was, no true American can read the story without a sense of shame and humiliation. There was not an honest white man living in the state during Reconstruction, says Professor Fleming, nor a man, woman, or child, descended from such a person, who did not then suffer, or does not still suffer, from the direct results of "Carpet-bag" financiering.

JAMES WILFORD GARNER.

PRECEPTS FOR THE YOUNG, AND REFLECTIONS FOR THE OLD.*

President King's new book could be described as an inspiring guide to rational living, or a collection of amiable platitudes, according to the point of view. It should be read especially by the young, for even the moderately old have not only heard the story before but, alas! they are little able to profit by it, if they have neglected its teachings hitherto. Listen to this:

> "Our intellectual as well as our moral day of grace is limited. It is of no use to rebel at the facts, it is folly unspeakable to ignore them. We are becoming bundles of habits. With every young person one must, therefore, continually urge: Are you willing to retain just the *personal* habits you have now? You cannot too quickly change them if you wish to make thorough work. From your early morning toilet, through the care of your clothing and the order of your room, table manners, breathing, tone of voice, manner of talking, pronunciation, gesture, motion, address, study, to your very way of sleeping at night — all your habits are setting like plaster of Paris. Do you wish them to set as they are?" (p. 62).

Excellent and pertinent advice this — for the young: but what about the poor old dogs who

*RATIONAL LIVING. Some Practical Inferences from Modern Psychology. By Henry Churchill King. New York: The Macmillan Co.

LIFE AND RELIGION. An Aftermath from the Writings of the Right Honorable Professor F. Max Müller. [Edited] by his wife. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

have learned about all the tricks they will ever know? *They* know, too well, their own frailties and inabilities; it is with them no longer a question of what they may become, but of what they can do with such wits and strength as they possess, in this wicked world.

"Clear and definite thinking, moreover, moves directly and unhesitatingly toward its goal, and for that very reason seems to be a distinct help to decisive action. For all purposeful action involves the use of definite means to definite ends. Definiteness in thinking, thus, seems to be directly connected with decision in action, and vagueness of thinking with indecision and weakness" (p. 121).

Yes, indeed, poor old brain of mine! You and I have found that out these many years ago, but have found, also, that it is not always easy to see in a fog. Circumstances are sometimes too much, do what we will. But for the young, could there be more admirable counsel? Think straight and hard, and rely upon your own wits! Resolve to become, and you will become, to a considerable extent! The day is young, and the possibilities are great! (How fortunate it is, that a new generation walks upon the stage every little while!)

All things considered, we must believe that President King's book will carry a real and valuable message to those for whom it was intended; and if it seems to some barren of new thought, and not especially distinguished in style, these impressions should not be held to condemn it; for they represent, as it were, only the back view of the edifice.

"Life and Religion" is a volume of extracts from the writings of the late Professor Max Müller, selected and arranged by his wife. It is not a controversial work, and should not be treated as such; rather, it is as though the veteran humanist and philologist invited the reader to sit with him by the fireside, and there confided to him the thoughts and aspirations which had guided his path during a long and successful life. Who would refuse such an invitation? Who would listen with other than deferential, if not reverential, attention? Possibly, on grounds of philosophy or science, or from the standpoint of our own religion, some of the professor's ideas may be wrong; but what of that? His star served well to make his wagon go, and that to good purpose, and is entitled to our regard, if only for its past performance. This very thought, indeed, is one of those most cherished by Max Müller himself, in relation to other peoples. Himself a true Christian, he had become too intimate with the thoughts of other peoples, past and present, not to regard their aspirations with sympathy and appreciation. "True Christianity, I mean the religion of Christ, seems to me to become more and more exalted the more we know and the more we appreciate the treasures of truth hidden in the despised religions of the world" (p. 24).

The first impression of the book is perhaps a little disappointing; because, from its necessarily disjointed nature one does not instantly perceive the uniting thread. If a man is heard making statements about the Himalaya Mountains, or the Arctic regions, we are likely to give him scant attention, until some remark or expression betrays the fact that he *has been there himself*. So it is with Max Müller: many of his paragraphs sound much like the empty professions of those who have learned such things by rote; but one does not read far without finding that the author speaks whereof he knows.

"Everyone carries a grave of lost hope in his soul, but he covers it over with cold marble, or with green boughs. On sad days one likes to go alone to this God's acre of the soul, and weep there, but only in order to return full of comfort and hope to those who are left to us" (p. 205). Ah yes! good friend.

No doubt the most significant message of the book is contained in its interpretation of Christianity. Max Müller believed himself to be a Christian in the fullest sense, and to me it seems that he was wholly justified. Yet the orthodox, so-called, will be horrified to read:

"When we think of the exalted character of Christ's teaching, may we not ask ourselves once more, What would He have said if He had seen the fabulous stories of His birth and childhood, or if He had thought that His Divine character would ever be made to depend on the historical truth of the *Evangelia Infantiæ*?" (p. 27).

"If Jesus was not God, was He, they ask, a mere man? A *mere* man? Is there anything among the works of God, anything next to God, more wonderful, more awful, more holy than man? Much rather should we ask, Was then Jesus a mere God? . . . *A* God is less than man. True Christianity does not degrade the Godhead, it exalts manhood, by bringing it back near to God" (p. 34).

"Then it is said, Is not Christ God? Yes, He is, but in His own sense, not in the Jewish nor in the Greek sense, nor in the sense which so many Christians attach to that article of their faith. Christ's teaching is that we are God, that there is in us something divine — that we are nothing if we are not that. . . . Let us bestow all praise and glory on Christ as the best son of God. . . . Christ never calls Himself the Father, He speaks of His Father with love, but always with humility and reverence" (p. 21).

T. D. A. Cockerell.

Recent Fiction.*

The grandiose trilogy of "Christ and Antichrist," as conceived in the teeming fancy of Mr. Dmitri Merejkowski, is now completed with the publication of "Peter and Alexis." This work is possibly richer in material than either of its predecessors, but its construction is so hopelessly chaotic as to preclude any serious claim to consideration as a work of art. What we have is a formless aggregation of curious facts and pedantries illustrative of St. Petersburg in the early eighteenth century, of the barbarism of a people reluctantly turned toward civilization by the masterful Tsar, and of strange mediæval superstitions mingled with wild religious vagaries. The figure of Peter is dominant throughout, but it is a figure of traits so contradictory that it assumes no definite outline in our imagination. As far as it may be exhibited by a single quotation, it appears in this passage: "At six in the morning he began to dress. Pulling on his stockings he noticed a hole; he sat down, got a needle and a ball of wool, and began darning. Ruminating about a road to India in the footsteps of Alexander of Macedonia, he darned his stockings." Contrasted with the fiery and brutal energy of Peter, we have the futility and degeneracy of his weakling son, a maudlin character utterly unequal to the responsibilities laid upon him. The action culminates with the terrific scene of torture in which the life of Alexis is sacrificed to his father's insensate rage. We say action, but of a truth there is little action of any connected sort in the work viewed as a whole; the treatment is episodical and disjointed throughout. The author's immense display of learning and his untamed vigor of description are made devoid of artistic effect by the almost total absence of restraint and correlation. The result is absolutely bewildering. As in the preceding sections of this trilogy, the antithesis is plain enough. Peter is the embodiment of Antichrist in the eyes of the horror-stricken orthodoxy which he so recklessly defies. So in "The Death of the Gods" Julian was Antichrist to the primitive church, and in "The Forerunner" Leonardo da Vinci was Antichrist to the mediæval church. But is it the author's wish to enlist our sympathies on Peter's side as he enlisted them on the side of the apostate and the artist? If this be the case, he has failed as signally as he succeeded in the earlier volumes. Viewing the trilogy as a whole, we must say that "The Forerunner" is immeasurably finer than either of the other parts. Not merely is it wrought of metal more attractive, but in the manner of its workmanship it also excels.

"On the Field of Glory," by Mr. Henryk Sienkiewicz, breaks a silence of several years, during which the distinguished Polish romancer has been resting upon his well-earned laurels. It is a book of about the dimensions of "The Knights of the Cross," and deals with the period of John Sobieski and the anxious years of the impending Turkish invasion. We confess to some disappointment upon finding that the great victory of Sobieski is only foreshadowed in this narrative, instead of being presented to us with the magnificent descriptive power that the author knows how to apply to such situations; but perhaps he is keeping that theme in reserve for a supreme effort. It is surely manifest destiny that he, and no other, should deal with it. The title of the present romance is thus a misnomer, for the book ends before any of its characters have reached "the field of glory," although they spend much of their time in talking about it. In other words, although the story has this background of patriotic expectancy, it is in reality a story of private interest, a love-story of freshness and charm, a story of strange manners and exciting adventures.

Some of the younger Polish critics, it seems, have been charging the Sienkiewicz school of fiction with sterility, whereupon the leader of that school has pointed to certain of his colleagues by way of refutation, and particularly to Mr. Gasiorowski, whose quality we may now appraise in "Napoleon's Love Story," just translated into English. The author is a young man, and this romance is chiefly remarkable for its length, caused by a remorseless spinning out of dialogue and elaboration of descriptive detail, but it may, nevertheless, be read (or skimmed over) with a fair degree of satisfaction. Its theme is the episode of Napoleon's visit to Warsaw in 1807, and his resulting romantic attachment to Madame Walewska. The character of the heroine is depicted for us with much subtlety, while her imperial lover is the same familiar figure with which we have become acquainted in other works of romantic invention.

Mr. Crockett is a most indefatigable producer of novels. His latest, "The Cherry Ribband," is of a piece with its predecessors; at least with those of its predecessors which find the author upon his native heath — or in his native kail-yard or among his native moss-hags, — and deals with the troublous times

* Peter and Alexis. The Romance of Peter the Great. By Dmitri Merejkowski. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

On the Field of Glory. An Historical Novel of the Time of King John Sobieski. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated by Jeremiah Curtin. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

Napoleon's Love Story. A Historical Romance. By Waclaw Gasiorowski. Translated by the Count de Soissons. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Cherry Ribband. By S. R. Crockett. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

A Maker of History. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

The Ford. By Arthur E. J. Legge. New York: John Lane Co.

My Friend the Chauffeur. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

Vivien. By W. B. Maxwell. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Great Refusal. By Maxwell Gray. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Conquest of Canaan. By Booth Tarkington. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The House of a Thousand Candles. By Meredith Nicholson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Heart's Desire. By Emerson Hough. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The Fair Maid of Graystones. By Beulah Marie Dix. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Barbara Winslow, Rebel. By Elizabeth Ellis. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Wheel of Life. By Ellen Glasgow. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

of the Covenant. It has an abundance of stirring adventure, of duelling, fighting, and romance. The strong figure of Claverhouse appears upon the scene from time to time, but plays no very conspicuous part in the action. Mr. Crockett is as good as ever in his characterization of eccentric Scotch types. The book deserves well of the reader, albeit it is little more than a replica of earlier ones.

The Dogger Bank incident has been ingeniously utilized by Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim for his latest fictive invention, "A Maker of History." It seems that this was, after all, a deliberate attempt to force England into war with Russia. A secret treaty had been concluded between the Tsar and the Kaiser whereby the invasion of England was imminent. But it so happened that a young Englishman, an innocent tourist, was a witness of the meeting between the two monarchs, which was brought about by the conjunction of two imperial trains, at a secluded point of the railway. Not only was the young Englishman there in hiding, but he became possessed of a page of the treaty itself, which was blown out of the window of the carriage in which the momentous agreement was drawn up. As he could not read German, he knew nothing of its significance, but simply tucked it into his pocket. Afterwards he went to Paris, talked innocently but indiscreetly about his adventure, and was promptly kidnapped. His sister went in search of him, and was also kidnapped. No harm was done them, but they remained in the custody of the French Secret Service in order that the German Secret Service might not get hold of them. Next comes an English baronet, who sees a photograph of the girl, falls in love with it, and assumes the *rôle* of amateur detective. All the parties concerned have adventures of the most surprising description, until the need for secrecy no longer exists, because the French government has checkmated Russia and Germany in their sinister game. Those who know Mr. Oppenheim's methods as a novelist will hardly need to be informed that this stirring story is told with neatness and despatch.

"The Ford," by Mr. Arthur E. J. Legge, is a quiet story of English life, illustrating the relations between two families — one of aristocratic and ancient lineage, the other the social outcome of that well-known product, Harrold's Household Soap. The parvenu becomes the neighbor of the lord, and a ford across the stream which flows by their estates provides a convenient subject of dispute. It is a Montague and Capulet affair, but turns out happily in a way, although the most sympathetic character in the novel is drowned while crossing the ford, and we shall never feel quite sure that the heroine ought not to have married him instead of the scion of the enemy's stock. The book is simple and genuine, and its style has the touch of poetic distinction to be expected of a writer who has also won the laurels of a singer of songs.

The trick of making an interesting novel out of the incidents that make up the life of a party of tourists is not as simple as it seems. Since the efforts of William Black in this direction, we can think of no others who have been quite as successful as Mr. and Mrs. Williamson. And the fact that their travellers have for a vehicle the modern motor-car instead of the antiquated phaeton gives to their narratives the needed touch of timeliness. "My Friend the Chauffeur" tells how an English baronet and an Irish peer (in prospect) personally conduct a party of three female Americans through northern Italy and into Dalmatia, harassed all the time by the attentions of an Austrian prince, who is the villain of the piece. (We wonder why it is that Austrian princes make such satisfactory villains.) The climax is reached in Montenegro, when the villain lures the heroine into a deserted house, and would force her consent to a marriage. The marriage that really comes off is a different sort of affair, in which the impoverished scion of the Irish nobility figures as the leading man. A second marriage in prospect as the book closes is that of the baronet with the *enfant terrible* of the tale, who it seems is not a child at all, but a maiden of seventeen, masquerading in short clothes and long braids to oblige her mother, relict of Simon P. Kidder, of Denver, U. S. A. This mother has sentimental leanings toward the prince, despite whose villainy she turns a willing ear to his protestations. A peculiar feature of the story is that it is told, in turn, by each of the five persons making up the party in the motor-car. The attendant prince alone has no chance to describe matters from his point of view, which is rather a pity.

The name of "W. B. Maxwell" is non-committal as to sex, but "Vivien" is a woman's novel. It is, moreover, one of the best novels that we have read for a long time, by a writer of either sex. Its elements are familiar enough — the neglected girl, the dreary years at a cheap boarding-school, the heart-breaking task of earning a living in a London shop, the consequent privation, misery, and illness, the inevitable persecution by the wealthy libertine, and the eventual rescue by the prince of her dreams. But despite the hackneyed nature of its plot, as thus revealed in skeleton, the work has both originality and distinction. The interest is so varied, the narrative so broadly humanized, the delineation of character so true and fine, that our attention is completely absorbed from first to last. The spirits of tenderness and pity brood over it, and the recurrent note of forgiveness, however seemingly dark the sin, adds a divine touch to the work. And a very serious work it is, although animated in its movement, a work that sounds the depths of the human mystery, and confronts the reader with the darkest riddles of life. Having these qualities, it is matter for satisfaction that the story is told upon a generous scale — there are more than six hundred pages — and gives us comprehensive studies of character and situation rather than the glimpses afforded by the impressionist. Such a novel is like an oasis in the desert to the weary reviewer, and rewards him for much toiling through the arid wastes of popular story-telling.

A singularly charming and appealing book is "The Great Refusal," by the novelist who calls herself "Maxwell Gray." It assumes, to be sure, something too much of the character of a sociological tract in the closing chapters, and is based upon overwrought sentiment rather than upon any practical form of idealism, but is nevertheless so fine in motive and so graceful in diction that criticism is measureably disarmed. The "great refusal" is made by the hero, who renounces wealth and position to become a common workingman, and eventually embarks in a socialistic venture having for its object the establishment of a Utopian commonwealth in Africa. These are not his only sacrifices, for love also is cast aside, and it is not until the end of much suffering that his early passion is replaced by one fixed upon far surer foundations. The characterization is excellent, alike of the two women, the devoted hero, and his masterful father, whose money seems to the son too tainted for legitimate enjoyment. Nor is the hero in any sense depicted for us as a prig or a weakling, but rather as a genial, athletic, and altogether wholesome specimen of the best English manhood. The style of the novel, also, is natural as to dialogue, and charmingly allusive as to description.

"The Conquest of Canaan" is a thoroughly readable book, made so by its genial description of village types of character, and enough of a story to make the chapters hang together. Canaan is in Indiana, and it is conquered by the town ne'er-do-well, who seems to have in him all the makings of a vagabond; but who instead develops strength and determination. This transformation of an outcast into a leading citizen is sketched with considerable skill, and incidental humor is not lacking. A very pretty love story adds warmth and romantic coloring to this the latest of Mr. Tarkington's pleasant inventions.

"The House of a Thousand Candles" is a house of mystery situated somewhere in the depths of Indiana. It has secret panels and subterranean passages, and the departed owner is reputed to have concealed vast treasures somewhere within it. This makes it an object of burglarious enterprise on the part of the surrounding population, and the coming of the new owner, to whom the house with all its contents has been left, is by no means a popular happening. This owner is a young man of roving disposition, to whom the property has been left under singular conditions, one of which is that he shall make it his residence, and not leave it for a full year. Since his life is attempted on the very first day of his arrival, the prospect is at least exciting. But he proves game, and sets about solving the mystery for himself. Presently, an interesting romance develops, the other person concerned being an inmate of a neighboring school for girls. Startling episodes occur in swift succession, the machinations of all the villains are thwarted, the romance comes to a happy conclusion, and in the end we have the greatest surprise of all, which it would be heartless of us to reveal.

Mr. Hough's "Heart's Desire" is a book something like Mr. Wister's "The Virginian," and quite as much or as little of a story. Heart's Desire is a remote mountain settlement of the southwest, having for its population one doctor, two lawyers, a few cowboys and miners, and no women. Its entire circulating medium amounts to about three hundred dollars, which frequently changes hands, and now and then, by the fortunes of the game, is temporarily collected in the pockets of some one citizen. The story begins with the advent of the first woman, and in subsequent chapters are chronicled the beginnings of litigation, art, music, and other accessories of civilization. Presently a corporation comes with a railroad in its gift, and what continuity of interest the story has centres about the project. The book has both sentiment and humor, both after the fashion long ago set by Bret Harte, and makes a brave pretence at showing that a free life under these primitive conditions is much better worth having than the trammelled existence of more settled communities. The argument is sufficiently persuasive to compel temporary assent, and that is all the story needs for its sympathetic enjoyment. There can be no doubt that it *is* enjoyable, and that Mr. Hough has surpassed his best previous efforts for our entertainment.

Miss Beulah Dix is an accomplished artificer of historical romance, and has worked successfully in the material offered by seventeenth-century England and America, by puritans in Massachusetts, and by the conflict of roundhead with cavalier. It is to the latter phase of her activity that "The Fair Maid of Graystones" belongs, and the book turns out to be a very pretty story indeed. Besieged Colchester has just fallen into the hands of the parliamentary army, and one of the consequences is that Jack Hetherington becomes a royalist prisoner. Then follows a surprising series of adventures for this engaging hero, brought about by the fact that he is taken for a cousin of the same name, and thereby becomes responsible for many villainies laid to the charge of that unworthy person. How he clears himself from this tangle it is the business of the novelist to unfold, and she does it without straining our sensibilities more than is strictly necessary for the purposes of a full-grown romance. The historical substratum of the tale is of the thinnest, and chiefly takes the form of a conventional reflection of the manners and speech of the time.

"Barbara Winslow, Rebel," by Miss Elizabeth Ellis, is another historical romance with an English setting, its scene being laid just after the defeat of Monmouth at Sedgemoor. Here we have a fascinating heroine, arrested for harboring rebels, and a victim of Jeffrey and the Bloody Circuit. Sentenced to a brutal punishment, she is saved by one of the king's officers, who thereby becomes himself a rebel, and the two take flight together. They are clearly in love with one another to any eyes but their own, but the inevitable misunderstanding supervenes, holding them at arm's length through the requisite number of chapters. Barbara is a young woman of the pert and proud type so dear to the romantic

heart, and her soldier lover has the complementary virtues that the situation requires. The story has been told, essentially, a hundred times before in as many different guises, but it usually makes a pretty one, and in this case no complaint may be made of it for lack of interest or excitement.

We are not altogether satisfied that Miss Glasgow should again have deserted her native heath (if a Virginia plantation may be thus designated) for the allurements of the metropolis and its so-called "society." As we said of "The House of Mirth," it is next to impossible to make a story of human interest out of the vapid and insolent life of the idle rich, and even the delicate art of Mrs. Wharton was balked in the effort. Now Miss Glasgow's art, although possibly stronger, is less delicate, and by so much she has been even less successful than the writer with whose latest work "The Wheel of Life" is brought into inevitable comparison. We may say in behalf of the newer novel that it offers us at least one fine character in the person of its hero, who is in "society" but not of it, and another of strong but elusive charm in the person of the woman poet whose apparition haunts many of the pages. But as compared with "The Deliverance," for example, this work is an inferior production.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

"Lone mother of dead empires."

The peninsula to which the name of Italy has been given for long ages presents some of the most complicated problems in historical geography of all the continent of Europe. Consolidated under the Roman rule in the early half of the third century, B. C., the peninsula was visited and pillaged by almost all of the barbarians in the early Christian centuries. The Ostrogoths occupied it in the fifth century, A. D., until Justinian obtained possession and reëstablished the Roman Empire there. It became an exarchate of the Byzantine Empire about the middle of the sixth century, and a few years later the Lombards wrested it from the Empire. By the Treaty of Verdun, in 843, it was separated from the Western Empire, and in the tenth century it was united to Germany in the empire then formed. The Papal State then established proved a bar to complete Italian nationality until very recent times, and from that time until the nineteenth century polyarchy existed in Italy. From the tenth to the thirteenth century, feudal principalities and republics were established; and most of the republics were transformed into principalities before the end of the Middle Ages. In the fifteenth century, Milan, Florence, the Papal State, the oligarchic Republic of Venice, and the Kingdom of Naples, formed a pentarchy. The Normans conquered the southern part of the peninsula and established the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. France and Spain at times had possessions in Italy, and a large portion was once incorporated into Austria. For three centuries the potentates of Europe were accustomed to ask, "What action shall we take in Italy?" During the greater part of the eighteenth century, Italy was at the disposal of Europe, furnishing a country wherein convenient principalities were found for throneless princes. In twenty-one years, Sicily changed masters four times; Parma, three times in seventeen years. Napoleon I. created a kingdom in Northern Italy. In 1815 the peninsula was again divided among princes, and was dominated over by Austria. Not until 1860 was the kingdom of Italy finally established by Victor Emmanuel, King of Piedmont. Ten years later, the State of the Church disappeared from the map of Italy, and "United Italy" was perfected. During the polyarchy, Italy was the cradle of the Renaissance in art, in letters, in diplomatic institutions, in banking, and in commerce. It would appear an extraordinarily ambitious undertaking to write the history of such a country and its people in a single volume; yet Mrs. Augusta Hale Gifford, in her "Italy, her People and their Story" (Lothrop Publishing Company), has not only furnished a worthy companion volume to her deservedly popular "Germany, her People and their Story," but has succeeded in giving a readable account of the people who have occupied the peninsula from Roman times down to the present day, throughout all the vicissitudes of their political goverment, — a people who have been distinguished in the fields of art, letters, music, and government. Very naturally, the first part of the work (about 400 pages) is largely drawn from Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," and brings the history down to the time of Theodoric. A single chapter of the second part serves for the course of history from Theodoric to Charlemagne, more than five centuries. Nine chapters serve for the interesting but complicated history of the country to the Napoleonic era. From 1792 to the present time, the most interesting period, during which time the "Italian Question" was continually before the world, the history is given with considerable attention to details, and altogether the volume is of exceptional value both from its historical accuracy and its popular style. — Mr. Henry Dwight Sedgwick, in his "Short History of Italy" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), has not undertaken such an ambitious task as Mrs. Gifford's. He takes up the history in the year 476 and closes with the last year of the nineteenth century. He has a good sense of proportion, and good ideas of historical perspective; he writes in a vivid style, and possesses a keen sense of humor which contributes not a little to the entertaining quality of his book. Altogether, his volume, by no means as small as its name might indicate, is entitled to a place in the front rank of "short histories." A chronological table of the Popes and Emperors, a genealogical table of the Medici, a skeleton table of the Kings of the Two Sicilies, and an admirably selected list of books for general reading, give Mr. Sedgwick's volume permanent value as a book of reference.

The foremost English thinker from Bacon to Hume.

In writing of a man whose thoroughgoing egoism was tempered by none too benevolent a spirit, and whose chief claim to influence upon contemporary English thought was his power to arouse opposition, it is perhaps not unnatural that the biographer's tone should contain a note of defense. Sir Leslie Stephen, who has written a life of Thomas Hobbes for the "English Men of Letters" series (Macmillan), evidently felt that his subject was in need of appreciation, and that the reading public ought to become better acquainted with "the most conspicuous English thinker in the whole period between Bacon and Hume." Hobbes belonged distinctly to the period in which he lived, and is indeed a product of it. Out of its spirit of scientific investigation grew his materialism; out of the disturbed political situation in England grew his famous theory of sovereignty as embodied in "The Leviathan"; and out of these conditions, added to the struggle between Church and State, grew his somewhat strange conception of morality. His present biographer tells us that he had "formed and begun to execute a remarkable plan. He intended, like a sound logician, to lay down the first principles of scientific inquiry, to apply them to what we should now call psychology, setting forth the laws of human nature, and finally to found upon this basis a science corresponding to modern sociology." His point of view is essentially scientific; the method of Euclid impressed and influenced him greatly, as did also the fact that the one universal phenomenon is motion. Since he developed all his conclusions from "undeniable first principles" (as he called them), we are tempted to look forward and arbitrarily class him with the later continental rationalists. His actual physical speculations, admits his biographer, can have no interest except as specimens of early guessing, and his theology is practically of no value. But his political theory is by no means so easily disposed of, and stands out, even to-day, coherent and logical. Sir Leslie Stephen has summarized it with care and precision, and has discussed it with interest.

Literary Germany in the early 19th century.

With the publication of "Young Germany" (Macmillan), the sixth volume of the "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature," by Dr. Georg Brandes, the task of presenting that great critical work to English readers is completed. The task has been long-delayed, and its full accomplishment is a noteworthy event. Although the average age of the six volumes is upwards of thirty years, their vitality has suffered little impairment with the lapse of time, and we may read them to-day with almost the zest with which we made their acquaintance in the seventies. The period of this concluding volume of the work lies between the Congress of Vienna and the great revolutionary years of the mid-century. Heine is the central figure in this act of the literary drama, while among the lesser performers are Börne, Hegel, Menzel, Immermann, Gutzkow, and Freiligrath. "It is a mighty panorama, this, which the study of the feelings and thoughts of Germany, first oppositionist, then revolutionary, between 1815 and 1848, unrolls to our view." And it grows ever in interest, up to the culminating scene of 1848, when "a long shudder (of pain and at the same time of relief) passed through the whole of Germany. It was as if a window had been opened, and air had reached the lungs of Europe." This year of "great spiritual significance" is in literature "the red line of separation that divides our century and marks the beginning of a new era." It is difficult to keep within bounds our admiration for the energy, the insight, and the profound philosophical basis of this master-work of criticism. A single pregnant sentence may be quoted from the final chapter: "Between the years 1830 and 1840 something has been happening quietly, deep down in men's minds — Goethe's poetry and Goethe's philosophy of life, at first championed exclusively by enthusiastic women, have been steadily gaining influence over the cultivated, making them proof against theological impressions but receptive to all great human ideas. The cult of Goethe leads by degrees, even in the case of women, to the cult of political liberty and social reform." The impact of this work upon the alert minds to which it came in the seventies, both as an inspiration and as a trumpet-call to renewed spiritual endeavor, may best be illustrated by what Dr. Ibsen wrote the author just after the appearance of the first volume. "I must turn to what has lately been constantly in my thoughts, and has even disturbed my sleep. I have read your Lectures. No more dangerous book could fall into the hands of a pregnant poet. It is one of those works which place a yawning gulf between yesterday and to-day. After I had been in Italy, I could not understand how I had been able to exist before I had been there. In twenty years, one will not be able to comprehend how spiritual existence at home was possible before these lectures. . . . Your book is not a history of literature according to the old ideas, nor is it a history of civilization. I will not trouble to find a name for what it really is. It reminds me of the gold-fields of California when they were first discovered, which either made millionares of men or ruined them."

Louisiana as an American commonwealth.

"Louisiana, a Record of Expansion" is the title of the latest issue in the useful "American Commonwealths" series (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The author, Mr. Albert Phelps, a native of New Orleans, has based his entire narrative upon a close study of the original sources of Louisiana history, and the result is a very good account of the position that Louisiana has occupied in the history of American settlement and the expansion of American institutions. It is worthy of note that throughout the work two important points are emphasized: the significance of the Mississippi Valley in the history of American development; and the effect of negro slavery and its aftermath upon political and social problems. In developing the im-

portance of Louisiana as the key to the Mississippi basin, Mr. Phelps gives a full and interesting description of the French and the Spanish domination over the lower Mississippi Valley, the continual pressure of the Anglo-Americans against the southwestern frontier, and the final annexation and absorption of the territory into the Union. The absolute necessity, political, commercial, and geographical, of the possession of the Mississippi valley to the states of the North is shown to have been one of the fatal causes of weakness to the Confederacy. On slavery and the problems growing out of it, especially as complicated by Louisiana conditions, the author writes with full knowledge and keen insight. The institution of negro slavery and its effects are traced from colonial times to the present day. Like others who have studied the race-question thoroughly, Mr. Phelps has come to the conclusion that there "never was a negro problem," but that the mulatto is the really important factor in the so-called race problem, the black negro seldom or never being troublesome unless made so temporarily by white or mulatto leaders. As to the future of the negro, the author thinks that it is by no means assured; the negro finds it increasingly difficult to compete with the better equipped white man in the struggle for existence. A fact set forth in this account, not generally known, is that the Spanish rule over Louisiana was much better than that of France, and better than the early American administration in the territory. Seldom remembered, also, is the fact that in the American Revolution material assistance was given by Louisiana to the revolting colonies. Other phases of state history to which some attention is devoted are the gradual fusion of nationalities after the annexation, the Burr intrigue and the War of 1812, the troubles leading to secession, the Civil War period, the Butler *régime* in New Orleans, and the Reconstruction of the state from 1862 to 1876. The account of the Reconstruction, though brief, is the first satisfactory treatment of that tumultuous epoch in Louisiana history. Particularly useful is the examination and evaluation of the testimony taken by the various committees of Congress that investigated conditions in that unhappy state between 1866 and 1876, during the reign of the mulatto and the "carpet-bagger." The book closes with a short survey of present conditions in the commonwealth.

A good popular introduction to the art of Giotto.

A life of Giotto, by Mr. Basil de Selincourt, is a recent addition to that admirable series, "The Library of Art" (imported by Scribner). Its author, in following the older traditional views, stands at variance with such modern critics as Perkins and Berenson. This fact is evident in his remarks on the Roman school of painters of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries and its relation to Giotto, as well as in his treatment of the chronology of the master's works. His arguments are not always the soundest, nor is his criticism as discriminating as it might be. Moreover, his treatment of the whole subject lacks thoroughness. The frescoes in the transept of the lower church at Assisi, which have been ascribed to Giotto by some of the best authorities, he puts aside as not genuine, without adequate discussion. He ignores not only the little panels in Munich, which have been seriously ascribed to the great Florentine, but also the "Presentation" of Mrs. Gardner's collection in Boston, and the Giotto-like frescoes in San Antonio at Padua. Added to this he casts suspicion upon the genuineness of Giotto's altar-piece in the Louvre, without giving adequate reasons for such doubt. It would seem that the author lacks the trained eye and mind of the connoisseur, since he bases his conclusions upon the content of the pictures rather than upon that which forms the true basis of discriminating criticism — the details of technique and of style. Yet after all has been said, this is, within its limitations, a good book. Mr. De Selincourt very properly gives most space to his description of Giotto's panels in the sacristy of St. Peters, and of his great frescoes at Assisi, at Florence, and at Padua. His comments upon Ruskin's criticism of the Paduan frescoes are excellent. He loves his subject, and his enthusiasm, which is properly tempered, is just what is needed to inspire the reader with a desire to know more of the great Florentine and his art. The prominence which the author gives to the subject-matter of the pictures, together with the literary flavor of much of his writing, makes his book an excellent popular introduction to the art of Giotto. So used, the text, accompanied as it is with many excellent illustrations, should prove of much value to beginners in the study of art, and may serve them better than would many a more scientific but less enthusiastic work.

English life and ways in Jane Austen's time.

Miss G. E. Mitton's volume on "Jane Austen and her Times" (Putnam) is another attempt to piece out the very uneventful story of Miss Austen's life with an account of her eighteenth-century environment. The few facts of her life have all been told many times before, and her friends and the places she visited have all been fully described. So Miss Mitton goes still further afield, making Jane Austen simply a good excuse for a rambling, discursive, but not uninteresting account of the manners and customs of her day. This survey, she argues, will be of especial value inasmuch as Miss Austen herself, in her novels and her letters alike, makes so few references to the great events or the ephemeral interests that environed her. So Miss Mitton tells us how Jane travelled, and how she might have travelled if she had ventured on to the Continent, what she studied at school, how clergymen like her father were regarded, what people ate in those days and what they wore, how they managed the servant question, and how they escaped paying postage. Her contemporary authors get a chapter; so does the British navy, apropos of her two brothers' connection with it. We are told how Jane and her heroines liked Bath, what adventures they had at Southampton, and what Jane saw and might have

seen in her visits to London. "Society and Love-making" is the title of a chapter describing the balls and routs of the time, telling of the exaggerated head-dresses of the ladies, the gloves they saved so carefully for the minuet, and the money they lost at cards. It ends with a circumstantial account of all Jane's love affairs, viewed in the light of the theories of love which her novels seem to enunciate. There are copious extracts from the novels and from Jane's letters, as well as from the standard biographies. But if the present work does not attain to, or claim, much originality, it is a clever and readable compilation, with something about it of the sprightly freshness of Miss Austen's own work. Twenty illustrations reproduce portraits of the Austen family and some of their friends, and scenes of contemporary life as some of the eighteenth century artists have depicted it.

More of Mr. Birrell's essays.

Mr. Augustine Birrell's latest volume, "In the Name of the Bodleian" (Scribner), is characteristically full of quaint fancies, brilliant sallies of wit and humor, keenly-calculated judgments of men and things, and an erudition that pointedly avoids beaten highways to cull its treasures from odd nooks and dusty corners. Mr. Birrell is a book-worm, but he rides his hobby so gaily, with such a vivid appreciation of all the more human relations of life, that others besides book-worms find him suggestive and sympathetic. The title-essay, a delightful account of the foundation and history of the great Oxford library, has for its occasion the financial straits of that institution. The paper on "First Editions" is a sensible and amusing comment on the controversy between the collector and the man who scoffs at him; and "Boswell as Biographer" is an analysis of Macaulay's and Carlyle's respective estimates of "Bozzy," uninspired by the publication of any more modern opinion. But generally the point of departure is a new book or a new edition. In "Hannah More Once More" Mr. Birrell seizes the opportunity afforded him by the publication of Marion Harland's biography to make an engaging apology for that other essay in which he rudely related how he buried Miss More's works, in nineteen calf-bound volumes, in his garden. A laudatory life of Tom Paine, by Mr. Moncure D. Conway, leads to a vigorous analysis of Paine's peculiar genius, and the republication of Matthew Arnold's "Friendship's Garland" to a trenchant description of "Our Great Middle Class." The subjects are of a more special interest, the treatment correspondingly slighter and more casual, than in the "Obiter Dicta"; but the new volume has its full share of the fine flavor imparted by Mr. Birrell to everything he touches.

Improving the workingman's surroundings.

Mr. Budgett Meakin is the author of a book on "Model Factories and Villages" (A. Wessels Co.), which contains an immense amount of information, both interesting and instructive, in regard to the progress made during the past century in matters referring to the welfare of the laborer and artisan. Even to those best acquainted with the efforts that are being made for better conditions of labor and of housing, much of Mr. Meakin's material will be entirely new, remarkable, and encouraging. Especially interesting is the well-supported statement that the merchants and manufacturers who have led the movement for industrial betterment have done so as business men and not as philanthropists, and the corollary that improved living and working opportunities have been the cause and not the result of increased business success. Mr. Meakin's book is divided into two parts, the first section dealing largely with the elementary efforts made by manufacturers whose buildings were situated in the centres of cities toward ameliorating the conditions of light, air, sanitation, dining facilities, and recreation; and with the efforts, more inherently successful, of those who had recognized the underlying principle that cheap land, away from the heart of the city, in a district that might be suitably surrounded by the homes of the workingmen, was the essential for real improvement. The number and importance of the factories in America, England, and on the Continent that have taken advantage of improved traffic facilities to avail themselves of country sites will be only less surprising than the photographs shown to illustrate the combined beauty and economy which is the result. The second half of Mr. Meakin's book deals with "Industrial Housing," and is practically a supplement to the first part, since it illustrates the success which manufacturers have had, in their various and varied schemes, toward surrounding their workshops with ideal villages. The whole book is strongly indicative of the trend toward coöperation that modern industry is taking.

A dictionary of famous Americans.

To be honest, as Hamlet remarks, is to be one man out of ten thousand. To be famous in the United States was of the same degree of rarity a few years ago, when the first issue of "Who 's Who in America" appeared. One out of five thousand is the present ratio, which should still be reasonably satisfactory to the one. In other words, the eight thousand biographies of the first edition have become sixteen thousand in the fourth, now at hand from the house of Messrs. A. N. Marquis & Co. This volume, like its predecessors, has been compiled and edited by Mr. John W. Leonard. A new feature is provided by the inclusion of brief references to those mentioned in the earlier issues, who have since died. There are more than two thousand closely-printed pages in the present volume. We have exhausted our vocabulary in testifying to the usefulness of this work in connection with the earlier editions, and will only repeat the simple statement that it is invaluable. We particularly commend to the attention of judicious readers the preface, which is a highly entertaining essay. We may read therein, for example, of the clannish individual who submitted the names of thirty-three of his relations as suitable for inclu-

sion, of the female "grafter" who offered (for a consideration) to secure recognition for unsuspected genius, and of the unpublished poet whose "blank (not to say blankety-blank) verse" about Lincoln was offered in evidence that the writer belonged among the immortals. For these, and other delightful matters, we thank Mr. Leonard, aside from his services in providing the harassed editor with an indispensable book of reference.

Some American women of a by-gone day.

A collection of brief biographical sketches, characterized by a real interest of subject-matter and a pleasantly unconventional manner of treatment, is Mr. Seth Curtis Beach's "Daughters of the Puritans" (American Unitarian Association). Catherine Maria Sedgwick, Mary Lowell Ware, Lydia Maria Child, Dorothea Lynde Dix, Margaret Fuller, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Louisa M. Alcott are the particular women about whom Mr. Beach has chosen to write. Of nearly every one of them an authoritative biography or memoir of some sort has been written, and one purpose of these essays is to call attention to the more elaborate studies and to stimulate interest in them. One of the interesting disclosures of these sketches, which are studies of personality rather than more formal and studied biography, is the picture of the early nineteenth century which they incidentally convey. Life was very simple in those far-off days, and literature, too, was simple and unsophisticated; but neither life nor literature ever lacked serious inspiration. Nearly every author was also a reformer, with a pet cause to write for and to work for in other ways. Probably few of Mr. Beach's readers will care to read a book about each of the seven women with whom he deals; but there is not one in the list about whom good Americans should be willing to remain in complete ignorance.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Mr. Ernest Newman's volume of "Musical Studies" (John Lane Co.) is made up largely of critical essays previously printed in the leading American musical and literary journals. The six chapters in the book are devoted to "Berlioz, Romantic and Classic," "Faust in Music," "Programme Music," "Herbert Spencer and the Origin of Music," "Maeterlinck and Music," and "Richard Strauss and the Music of the Future." Mr. Newman's groupings of principles and motives are on a broad and comprehensive scale, and are free from the ambiguity that mars so many works on musical criticism.

Professor Harald Höffding's "The Problems of Philosophy" (Macmillan) is not an abridgment of the author's philosophical theories, but rather a defence of the four problems that he holds to be the basis of philosophical thought, namely: The problem of the nature of consciousness (the psychological problem), the problem of the validity of knowledge (the logical problem), the problem of the nature of being (the cosmological problem), and the problem of value (the moral and religious problem). While Professor Höffding is one of the most thoughtful and learned scholars in his particular branch of knowledge, he is not, even in his "History of Modern Philosophy," distinctly lucid and simple. And in this new volume, an abstract discussion of abstract principles, his style carries him beyond the possibility of accompaniment by the layman. But since the book is, in the nature of the case, intended for philosophers and teachers of philosophy, its usefulness will not be much impaired by its abstruseness.

A little manual dealing with the life and art of Raphael has been prepared for the use of art students by Mrs. Julia Cartwright Ady, and is issued as the fourteenth volume of the "Popular Library of Art" (Dutton). Mrs. Ady is accustomed to the preparation of far more elaborate studies than this, but she uses the smaller space at her command with much discrimination, writing what is, within its limited compass, a singularly complete account of the character and development of Raphael's work. She is of course thoroughly familiar with modern critical opinion, and as far as it goes her work is exact and scholarly. Fifty reproductions of the artist's work illustrate the volume.

Mr. John Sampson has edited for the Oxford University Press (Henry Frowde) "The Poetical Works of William Blake." This is "a new and verbatim text from the manuscript, engraved, and letter press originals," and includes, by way of apparatus, both variorum readings and bibliographical material. The text of Blake has been so overlain with the emendations of (not always judicious) editors that its restoration was highly desirable, and this Mr. Sampson has scrupulously done for us. Punctuation is all that this editor has ventured to add to Blake's originals, and this could hardly have been omitted. We cannot be too grateful for this beautiful and scholarly edition of the great mystic.

Poetry, romance, art, architecture, history of wars between individuals, factions, and races, — all these play their part in Mrs. Janet Ross's "Florentine Palaces and their Stories" (Dutton). Mrs. Ross has every qualification for writing a book of this kind. Herself a resident of Florence for thirty-five years, and an associate of its best citizens, familar with all their traditions and customs, and moreover a diligent student of their archives, she has compiled a book which takes precedence of any other in the same field. The number of palaces described is seventy-six. A very complete index renders the mass of tradition available for ready reference, and the illustrations from drawings by Miss Adelaide Marchi help to make up an exceedingly attractive volume.

Seven new volumes have recently been added to the well-known "Newnes' Art Library" (Warne). These are bound uniformly with the rest of the series, in boards with cloth back, gilt lettered. Each volume contains a frontispiece in photogravure, about sixty full-page half-tone plates, and a brief textual comment. A number of the half-tones in the volume on Rossetti are made more effective by being mounted on rough grey mats. Mr. Ernest Radford furnishes the text for this volume, and Mr. Malcolm Bell writes of Titian, Mr. P. G. Konody of Filippino Lippi, Mrs. Arthur Bell of Tintoretto, Mr. Arsène Alexandre of Puvis de Chavannes, Mr. Henry Miles of "The Later Work of Titian," and Mr. J. Ernest Phythian of "The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood." These introductory sketches are largely biographical, except the last-named, which is an exposition of the motives and relative positions of Madox Brown, Holman-Hunt, Millais, and Rossetti. Beginners in art study will especially appreciate this very attractive series.

NOTES.

"Sermon Briefs," by Henry Ward Beecher, is published at the Pilgrim Press, New York. It consists of transcriptions from Beecher's manuscript notes made for sermons preached during the years 1864–5.

Attention having been newly recalled to "Die Waffen Nieder," the historical romance of the Baroness von Suttner, by the recent award of the Nobel peace prize, Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. now republish their translation of the work, as made by Mrs. Alice Asbury Abbott many years ago. This version is entitled "Ground Arms," which is both idiomatic and exact.

"Model English Prose," compiled by Professor George R. Carpenter, and published by the Macmillan Co., is a volume of selections for the use of secondary schools. The selections are not only representative of their authors and periods, but are also extremely interesting on their own account, and it is seldom that we are offered a school-book which so completely deserves to be described as good reading.

The English "Who's Who" for 1906, published by the Macmillan Co., calls for about the same sort of comment as previous issues. There are many new biographies, and the selection of American names is as capricious as ever. Removal of many tables to the companion "Who's Who Year Book" has kept the work within practicable dimensions, although the biographies now fill nearly two thousand pages.

Encouraged by the success which attended the publication in the original of Xavier de Maistre's "Voyage autour de ma Chambre" in the series of Riverside Press Editions, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will shortly bring out Bernardin de Saint-Pierre's "Paul et Virginie" in the French text of the original first edition. The new edition will be set in type of the Didot style, imported from Paris, and is to be embellished with reproductions of the engravings in the first French edition. These illustrations are not facsimiles, but have been reëngraved on wood by M. Lamont Brown. The edition is limited to 280 numbered copies.

An important publishing transfer recently effected was that whereby Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co. took over the periodical and book business of the United Educational Company, formerly E. L. Kellogg & Co. and E. O. Vaile. The periodicals include the well-known "Teacher's Magazine," a practical assistant and representative of teachers in the primary, intermediate, and grammar grades throughout the country, published monthly with illustrations; "The School Journal," a weekly journal presenting new movements in education with special reference to intermediate and secondary schools; "Our Times," a weekly journal of current events, for general readers, and also adapted for practical school use; and "Educational Foundation," a monthly magazine of pedagogy. These periodicals, it will be seen, cover the entire work from the primary to the end of the secondary schools. The large and important list of pedagogical books, teachers' helps, supplementary books, and school entertainments includes "The Teacher's Library," a series of practical professional books for teachers, containing over twenty volumes; "The Teacher's Month by Month Books," for primary grades; and the "Annual School Directories," fifteen in number, founded by E. O. Vaile. It is understood that the plans of Messrs. Barnes & Co. include many important improvements and developments of both the periodicals and the book list along approved educational lines.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

March, 1906.

Agriculture, Scientific. Countess of Warwick. *No. American.*
Albright Gallery of Buffalo. Frank Fowler. *Scribner.*
Antelope's Protection of Its Young. H. H. Cross. *Century.*
Arab Bandits, A Night's Ride with. C. W. Furlong. *Harper.*
Art in the Street. Sylvester Baxter. *Century.*
Artists, Western, Society of. J. S. Dickerson. *World To-day.*
Athletics, Amateur, Commercializing of. *World To-day.*
Athletics, What England Can Teach Us in. *Rev. of Reviews.*
Automobiles for Everybody. H. B. Haines. *World's Work.*
Automobilist, Rights of the. John Farson. *World To-day.*
Average Man, The, and his Money. *World's Work.*
Baker, Captain, of Jamaica. E. P. Lyle, Jr. *World To-day.*
Birds that Nest in Colonies. W. L. Finley. *World To-day.*
Boston. Henry James. *North American.*
British Free Trade. Alfred Mosely. *Review of Reviews.*
British West Indies, Future of. W. P. Livingstone. *No. Amer.*
Buccaneers I Have Known. Lloyd Buchanan. *Lippincott.*
Chain Gang—Shall it Go? G. H. Clarke. *World To-day.*
Children's Court in American City Life. *Review of Reviews.*
China and the Far East. H. P. Judson. *World To-day.*
Chinese Boycott, Reason for. C. Chaille-Long. *World To-day.*
Chinese Special Mission, The. J. W. Jenks. *Rev. of Reviews.*
Colorado Glacier, A. Junius Henderson. *Harper.*
Commercial Machiavellianism. Ida M. Tarbell. *McClure.*
Consular Service, Proposed Reorganization of the. *No. Amer.*
Denmark, Late King of. Edwin Björkman. *Rev. of Reviews.*
Earth, Measuring the. Edward Marshall. *World To-day.*
Filipino Labor Supply. George H. Guy. *Review of Reviews.*
Fletcherism, Growth of. I. F. Marcosson. *World's Work.*
France, Anatole. Bradford Torrey. *Atlantic.*
Geneva, University of. Charles F. Thwing. *Harper.*
German Army, The. William G. FitzGerald. *World's Work.*
German Emperor, The. A. Maurice Low. *Atlantic.*
Germany and U. S., Commercial Relations between. *No. Amer.*
Girl's Industrial School of Indianapolis. *World To-day.*
Hay, John, A Friendship with. J. B. Bishop. *Century.*
Ibex-Shooting in Baltisan. J. C. Grew. *Harper.*
Immigration, Sane Regulation of. *Review of Reviews.*
Ingelow, Jean, Recollections of. G. B. Stuart. *Lippincott.*
Ireland, Deserted. Plummer F. Jones. *World To-day.*
Jefferson and "The Rivals." Francis Wilson. *Scribner.*
Kentucky Cardinal, Ways of the. Jennie Brooks. *Harper.*
Labor, Some Equivocal Rights of. George W. Alger. *Atlantic.*
Le Braz, Anatole. Carroll Dunham. *Review of Reviews.*
Liberal Policy, The. H. Campbell-Bannerman. *World To-day.*
Life Insurance Corruption. "Q. P." *World's Work.*
Lincoln Farm, The. *Review of Reviews.*
Lincoln, Some Impressions of. E. S. Nadal. *Scribner.*
Looking Backward. Clara Morris. *McClure.*
Man and Beast. Samuel H. Brury. *Atlantic.*
Mani Bible, The Long-Lost. M. Bloomfield. *Harper.*
Money Stringency, Cause of the. A. B. Hepburn. *No. American.*
Moros, Preparing Our, for Government. R. L. Bullard. *Atlantic.*
Navy, Our. An American Citizen. *North American.*
New York Custom-House, The. Charles De Kay. *Century.*
New York Revisited. Henry James. *Harper.*
Orange-Growing in California. Bertha M. Smith. *World's Work.*
Paris, Housing of Large Families in. *Review of Reviews.*
Pittsburg and Erie Barge Canal. W. F. McClure. *World To-day.*
Plays, Publication of. Brander Matthews. *North American.*
Public Schools, A Lesson for the. Adele M. Shaw. *World's Work.*
Railroad Freight Rates—A Sidelight. *Review of Reviews.*
Railroad, The President and the. Cy Warman. *World To-day.*
Red Man's Last Roll-Call. C. M. Harvey. *Atlantic.*
Religion, Significant Books of. George Hodges. *Atlantic.*
Road, The Flowing. Henry Norman. *Scribner.*
Roumania, The Jews in. Carmen Sylva. *Century.*
Round-up, A Day with the. N. C. Wyeth. *Scribner.*
Rural Free Delivery, A Rural View of. *North American.*
Sahara, Three Unarmed Men Cross the. *Review of Reviews.*
Shakespeare and the Plastic Stage. John Corbin. *Atlantic.*
Shipping Legislation, Pending. W. E. Humphrey. *No. Amer.*
Shop-Girl, The. Mary R. Cranston. *World To-day.*
Sicily, the Garden of the Sun. William Sharp. *Century.*
Soldiers, Pay of Our. Capt. E. Anderson. *Review of Reviews.*
Steam Engine's New Rival. F. A. Wilder. *World To-day.*
Steel Rail, Anatomy of a. H. C. Boynton, *Harper.*
Texas and the Texans. M. G. Cunniff. *World's Work.*
Tuberculosis among the Sioux Indians. *Review of Reviews.*
Turgot, Statesmanship of. Andrew D. White. *Atlantic.*
Walpole, Letters of. Gamaliel Bradford, Jr. *Atlantic.*
War, Is the United States Prepared for? *North American.*
Wealth, Love of, and Public Service. F. W. Taussig. *Atlantic.*
Western Camps, In. Bishop E. Talbot. *Harper.*

List of New Books.

[The following list, containing 47 titles, includes books received by The Dial since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

In the Sixties and Seventies: Impressions of Literary People and Others. By Laura Hain Friswell. Large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 331. Herbert B. Turner & Co. $3.50 net.

Columbus the Discoverer. By Frederick A. Ober. Illus., 12mo, pp. 300. "Heroes of American History." Harper & Brothers. $1. net.

The Secret of Heroism: A Memoir of Henry Albert Harper. Illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 161. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1. net.

Josiah Warren, the First American Anarchist: A Sociological Study. By William Bailie. With portraits, 16mo, uncut, pp. 135. Small, Maynard & Co.

HISTORY.

The Jeffersonian System, 1801-1811. By Edward Channing, Ph.D. With portrait and maps, 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 300. "The American Nation." Harper & Brothers. $2. net.

Journals of the Continental Congress, 1774-1789. Edited from the original records in the Library of Congress by Worthington Chauncey Ford. Vol. IV., Jan. 1-June 4, 1776. 4to, uncut, pp. 416. Government Printing Office.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

The Spirit of Rome: Leaves from a Diary. By Vernon Lee. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 205. John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

The Champagne Standard. By Mrs. John Lane. 12mo, pp. 314. John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

Poetry and the Individual: An Analysis of the Imaginative Life in Relation to the Creative Spirit in Man and Nature. By Hartley Burr Alexander, Ph.D. 12mo, uncut, pp. 240. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

Mark Twain's Library of Humor. Vol. I., Men and Things. Illus., 8vo, pp. 304. Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

BOOKS OF VERSE.

The Visionary, and Other Poems. By Christine Siebeneck Swayne. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 52. R. G. Badger.

Studies in Verse. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 174. Grafton Press.

When the Lilacs Bloom, and Other Poems. By Julia R. Galloway. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 64. R. G. Badger.

Hartford: An Epic Poem. By William Colegrove. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 111. R. G. Badger.

FICTION.

The Healers. By Maarten Maartens. 12mo, pp. 419. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

Randvar the Songsmith: A Romance of Norumbega. By Ottilie A. Liljencrantz. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, pp. 314. Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

The Jungle. By Upton Sinclair. 12mo, pp. 413. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.

The Portreeve. By Eden Phillpotts. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 452. Macmillan Co. $1.50.

All that Was Possible. By Howard Overing Sturgis. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, pp. 312. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

Folly. By Edith Rickert. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, gilt top, pp. 368. Baker & Taylor Co. $1.50.

The Way of an Indian. Written and illus. by Frederic Remington. Illus., 8vo, uncut, pp. 252. Fox, Duffield & Co. $1.50.

Wild Justice. By Lloyd Osbourne. Illus., 12mo, pp. 296. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

The Sacred Cup. By Vincent Brown. 12mo, pp. 331. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

A Lady in Waiting. By Charles Woodcock Savage. With frontispiece, 12mo, pp. 330. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

The Vision at the Savoy. By Winifred Graham. 12mo, pp. 320. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50.

The Spirit of the Pines. By Margaret Morse. 18mo, uncut, pp. 159. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.

The Struggle. By Sidney C. Tapp, Ph.B. 12mo, pp. 324. A. Wessels Co. $1.50.

The Last Spike, and Other Railroad Stories. By Cy Warman. 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 286. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGION.

The Problem of the Old Testament, considered with reference to Recent Criticism. By James Orr, D.D. 8vo, uncut, pp. 562. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

What Is Religion? and Other Student Questions: Talks to College Students. By Henry S. Pritchett. 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 117. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1. net.

Individuality and Immortality. By Wilhelm Ostwald. 16mo, pp. 74. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 75 cts. net.

POLITICS.—ECONOMICS.—SOCIOLOGY.

Five American Politicians: A Study in the Evolution of American Politics. By Samuel P. Orth. 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 447. Burrows Brothers Co. $2. net.

The Country Town: A Study of Rural Evolution. By Wilbert L. Anderson; with introduction by Josiah Strong. 12mo, pp. 307. Baker & Taylor Co. $1. net.

Efficiency and Relief: A Programme of Social Work. By Edward T. Devine, Ph.D. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 45. Macmillan Co. 75 cts. net.

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